

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires;
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burn'd and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, o list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love, —

Ham. O heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With withcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power

So